

The West Virginian

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THURSDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 23, 1922.

HOMES FOR FAIRMONT.

THE housing problem in Fairmont has been as acute as in other places and it still remains a problem. Because of this the public will be interested in the plans announced at the annual meeting of the Fairmont Real Estate Board held Tuesday morning.

At this meeting the Building and Investment Company offered to build homes for people on a payment plan that would operate similar to a renting payment, and the Sterling Heights Company announced plans to build a number of houses next spring and summer that can be sold to the man with a modest income.

Fairmont, like all other cities, needs home owners. And Fairmont people, like other people all over the country, greatly desire to own their own homes. Anything that the real estate men of Fairmont can do to provide families with homes will be a community service that will work for good all the way through.

The homes, however, must be modest homes, and the payments must be arranged so that the man with a small income can meet them. The man with a large income can build his own home as elaborately as his means will permit, or as simply as his taste indicates, but the man who should have a home is that average citizen who is the backbone of any community, and who must be encouraged to raise the kind of boys and girls for the future that any community must have if it is to prosper.

Families do not flourish in a flat, also the man who is compelled to pay out a fourth or more of every dollar he earns for rent is a man whom middle life will find blue and discouraged and not an asset to his town. There is a fine independence, a stout courage in that man and his wife and children who live beneath their own roof tree and who step out on their own lawn but it ever so small. Any individual or group of individuals who put a home within the reach of a good American bread winner can put down a white mark on the daily record, certain that the recording angel will duplicate it above. Fairmont needs more homes. It means much to the community to secure them.

INVEST IN CITIZENSHIP.

THERE is an institution in Charleston that has had a hand in giving to West Virginia one thousand and eighty citizens who will be worth while West Virginians, if teaching and training during the years of childhood can make them so. This institution is the Davis Child's shelter, a home for orphaned children, which was presented to the Children's Home Society of West Virginia, by Honorable H. G. Davis, who not only gave the home to shelter homeless little ones, but contributed during his lifetime one hundred dollars monthly toward its upkeep.

The Davis Child's Shelter receives, on an average, six orphaned, homeless children a month. As fast as one child is secured a permanent home with persons giving acceptable references, another is admitted. Since 1896 this home has received and placed in good homes one thousand and eighty children. This institution is engaged in work of priceless value to the state, and of untold benefit to the children who come to its care from an environment of sorrow, suffering, and neglect.

The Davis Child's Shelter depends on the gifts of the people of West Virginia for its support. An appeal is now being made for donations of cash and supplies for the home, and it would be hard to find a more worthy place to give aid than this home for West Virginia's own children.

Thanksgiving Day is drawing near and on occasions of this kind, people realize that the greatest blessing of all is a home with a family gathered

and safely and joyously about the fire side. It helps those who are thus blessed to doubly enjoy such blessings if Thanksgiving extend to those who are left out in the cold, friendless, homeless, and unwelcome. It is a sorry prospect for the adult so situated, but for little, helpless, boys and girls it is unbearable. A gift to the Davis Child's Shelter at Charleston is a direct contribution toward the rescue of a homeless child, and the West Virginian believes there are numbers of Fairmonters who will wish to give either money, or other donations to this home. Toys, good second hand clothing for children, gifts of groceries and household supplies are very welcome indeed. Send a check or other donation to the state superintendent, N. O. Sowers, Washington Street, Charleston, W. Va. An investment in good citizens for the future is a paying investment and contributions may be registered under this head.

WANTED, AMERICAN CHEFS.

THERE is scant ambition among American boys to become professional cooks yet there is demand for good chefs and no one ever heard of a hotel chef going to the poor house to spend his old age—on the contrary the chances are he rides in his own limousine, and owns a house that borders on a mansion in some desirable part of the city where he works.

There is a National Hotel Exposition now being held in New York, and, with the main inspiration a desire to attract American boys toward a culinary career, an exhibition of triumphs of professional cookery will be shown each day this week, the product of the master chefs of America. Six groups of cookery were shown Tuesday including pastry, confectionary, decorated Easter eggs, and fancy breads. It is expected that the marvelous culinary effects achieved, as well as the delicious goodness of the food displayed, will arouse interest in some of the youthful spectators and bring recruits to the ranks of professional chefs.

It is a curious thing that men should excel in a field that is generally conceded to women. Just why a man should reign supreme in a great hotel kitchen while in millions of American homes a woman presides over preparation of food is a question. If there was ever a place where a woman should logically command it should be in the preparation of food, and the fine fat jobs at the head of the ranks should be her's without argument—but they just aren't. More over the great exhibition of cookery, displayed in New York by dozens of hotel chefs is openly an appeal to impress men, not women, with the advantages of taking up the study of culinary art and practice.

If men must preside as the chefs of America, it is to be hoped that the desire of the chefs now reigning be realized, and that American chefs be recruited. America has had enough of French cookery, from a Thanksgiving turkey varnished like a newel post, with all natural flavor disguised by a sauce that tastes like nothing under the sun, to purple French pastry with pink rosebuds, and a cake center that might have been one of mother's sponge cakes left over from 1896, the American public has had enough. The hotel chef who can bake an apple pie or a buckwheat cake is the kind of chef the heart of man longs for—it will probably take an American chef to do it.

Citizens should note that the telephone directory goes to press December 5. Many persons have been experiencing annoyance because of a change in numbers or of a number wrongly printed. Other persons have moved and telephone calls should be made over another number. All of these things should receive immediate attention so that the new directory may be complete. Call the telephone company and notify them of change or correction at once and save another period of difficulty and annoyance.

It is doubtful if the men riding in elevators in buildings operated by the city of Cleveland, will give much consideration to Mayor Kohler's request to not remove hats when women are riding. Men who would obey the request need no such request as it is doubtful if they would remove their hats anyway, and gentlemen are likely to instinctively respond to an unconscious urge that will find them with hats off before they have time to recall the injunction of the mayor.

It requires a statement like that in yesterday afternoon's issue, announcing the death of the man who was the first white child born in the state of Kansas, to bring realization of the mighty pace this country has maintained in the last sixty-four years. The civilization of America looks like it had been erected on the ages, as in a fashion it actually has, but the transference of the white man to a virgin country brought forward progress in greater strides than all the outworn old world could compass in a thousand years. The first white child opened his eyes in Kansas sixty-four years ago, and in those sixty-four years Kansas has changed as completely as a regenerated spirit.

A physician of Asheville, North Carolina, has bequeathed \$700,000 of his estate for scientific research into the prevention and cure of tuberculosis. The physician himself had spent years of his life in this field of research and at his death passed on to others the task he left unfinished. Some day, as surely as the sun shines, a certain cure will be found both for tuberculosis and cancer, the two great scourges of the white race. It is encouraging to realize that the keenest brains of the world are at work upon these problems.

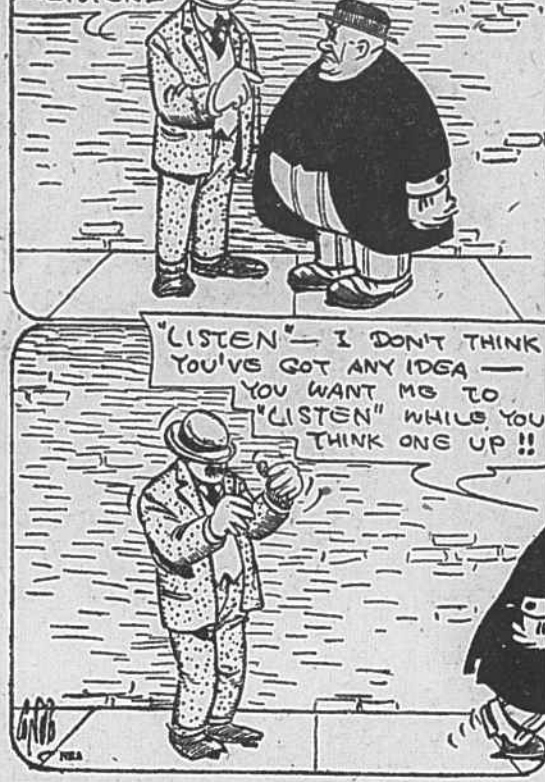
THE MAID
ON THE COURTHOUSE
"I think this cold weather reminds me of the fact that Fairmont has another 'hot dog' stand," said the Maid on the Courthouse to the janitor this morning as the latter brushed his ears to keep warm.
"Where's that?"
"Down at this end of the new river bridge," declared the Maid. "It is a beautiful cement dugout."
"Well, well," sighed the janitor, "what of it?"
"Nothing," said the Maid, "except that it shows an extravagant sense of the ridiculous possessed by the City Board of Directors in granting the permit. The idea of spending \$1,000,000 for a bridge and then putting up a news-stand at one end is good enough to get a place in any funny paper. I don't claim Stomple or whoever is put-

ting up the do-funny at all. If the Board of Directors is willing to let it go up, a man would be a fish not to put it up. It is a fine business corner."
"Seems to me," said the janitor, "that you are always growling about something or other."
"You're darn clucking!" declared the Maid. "This is a free country and I have a right to speak my mind."
"Presuming you have a mind," interrupted the janitor.
"This is no time for frivolity," said the Maid.
"I don't know what that is," said the janitor, "but if it is anything to drink I don't like it."
"Your sense of conformity is poorly developed and you know nothing of the theory of relativity, while your sense of puerility is entirely void and vacuumated, else you would understand the pertinency of the matter upon which I have been forensically you."
"Thanks," said the janitor. "I think I'll take a slug of city water."

OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE

By CONDO

NOW, I'VE GOT THE IDEA—LISTEN. IT JUST CAME TO ME—LISTEN. HERE'S THE IDEA—LISTEN. I'VE THOUGHT OF IT SEVERAL TIMES—LISTEN. THIS IS THE IDEA—LISTEN.



It's a darn to Fairmont any more.

But wait until we get the new passenger station. Boys 10 years old when the first rumor of a new station came out are now grandfathers.

Say one thing for the road: to wit, their officials are about the nicest and most consistent visitors Fairmont has.

They are always courteous, congenial, PROMISING and harmless, well-meaning, well-wishing, and well-everything.

Sometimes one wonders whether the Bando is a railroad or a Chautauque course.

Really we can't think of anything more to say on the matter, but perhaps the editor can.

Age Limit Dropped—headline. Hope it didn't break.

Funny what forms of recreation some people enjoy. Gloria Swanson is playing in her gilded cage here this week.

The little girl next door says that when she grows up her mother wants her to be able to play on the piano.

Turkeys will be lower this year but still high enough.

Second Period Ends Saturday—headline. A period will end most anything but a football argument.

Do you belong to the potato group?

H. Fox says he belongs to the Esta Plata Pie.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MUST FORGET CASH.

FAIRMONT, Nov. 23.—[Editor, The West Virginian.]—Out of the many needs that come to my mind for the nation's betterment, let me suggest one. That is the need of less regard for our financial progress and greater thought for the encouragement of the arts, music, lit-

Home-made, but Has No Equal for Coughs

Makes a family supply of really dependable cough medicine. Easily prepared, and saves about \$2.

If you have a severe cough or chest cold accompanied with soreness, throat tickle, hoarseness, or difficult breathing, or if your child wakes up during the night with croup and you want quick help, try this reliable old home-made cough remedy. Any drugstore can supply you with 2½ ounces of Pinex. Pour this into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Or you can use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup, if desired. This recipe makes a pint of really remarkable cough remedy. It tastes good, and in spite of its low cost, it can be depended upon to give quick and lasting relief.

You can feel this take hold of a cough in a way that means business. It loosens and raises the phlegm, stops throat tickle and soothes and heals the irritated membranes that line the throat and bronchial tubes with such promptness, ease and certainty that it is really astonishing. Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and is probably the best known means of overcoming severe coughs, throat and chest colds. There are many worthless imitations of this mixture. To avoid disappointment, ask for 2½ ounces of Pinex with full directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., St. Wayne, Ind.

erature, the drama, painting and sculpture.

The United States is notorious for its lack of leaders in any of the arts. Europe leads in literature, in music and the drama and, in fact, in all the arts so far as individual success is concerned. Of course, we can name Americans who have made a success in each of these arts, but we can also name Europeans who surpass them.

The reason for this is clear. It can be explained in one word—money. The poet and author write on contract; the painter paints by request; the sculptor carves for money; the dramatist and composer create ridiculous musical comedies to swell box office receipts.

To correct this unfortunate condition in this country, the government can help. There should be federal subsidy of the drama, of literature and the other arts. By this I mean the government should create scholarships and other financial means for helping promising young men and women so they may go on creating real art without fear of the landlord or the grocer.

A greater human feeling for the finer things of life is what is needed in America, rather than a constant lust for money and power.

S. M. G.

TRAFFIC VIOLATIONS

FAIRMONT, Nov. 23.—[Editor, The West Virginian.]—The day was Tuesday, the hour 5:30 p. m. the place was the corner of Main and Jefferson streets, the point where traffic is most closely watched in Fairmont and where the slightest error on the part of one operating an automobile is the signal for a reprimand from the traffic officer in charge, many times in no gentle language.

A limousine came gliding up Main street from the direction of the South Side bridge. At the in-

Berton Braley's Poem

FOND MEMORIES

"The happy days of childhood." How fair and bright they were; How full of careless rapture! Or people so averse; To which enthusiastic stuff I feel I must demur.

"The happy days of childhood!" Well, maybe they were that, But chiefly I remember The school wherein I sat And how I hated all the tasks That I was busied at.

"The happy days of childhood!" Were days when, I recall I had the crows and meales, Which held me in their thrall; And other "kid" diseases, I think I had 'em all!

"The happy days of childhood!" Those times of joyous play, When I had fights with other boys Not less than twice a day, And swollen lips and blackened eyes Were tokens of the fray.

"The happy days of childhood!" Appear, on back and view, As days when everything was wrong That I desired to do, And always I must go to bed Before I wanted to!

So though a frank opinion May give romance a jar, I'll say that since I've grown a man I'm happier by far, Those childhood days are over— And gee, I'm glad they are!

EARTHQUAKE REPORTED

SANTAGO, Nov. 23.—Reports from Valparaiso state that a slight earth shock occurred in that city at 11:23 o'clock last night.

MEDIUM BROWN HAIR looks best of all after a Golden Glist Shampoo.

THAT COLD OF TODAY

Can Be Quickly Relieved BY TOMORROW Increase the circulation, loosen the clogged bowels and flush the poisons from the system by taking a hot cupful of

BULGARIAN BLOOD TEA

It works like magic. Refreshes and tones the entire system. Sold by druggists everywhere.

COAL CALL

937 OR 788 J
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Stomach Off? Try This

Get a box of MI-O-NA Stomach Tablets at H. & H. Drug Co., and stop all distress. Relieves indigestion, or money back.

We Clean Comforts

—not cheaper but better

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606 at all dealers. Fosterburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

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WHO WILL BE A LEADER?

The man who knows he can accomplish and determines to go forward will be a leader.

An account with the Peoples National Bank gives the right kind of inspiration.

4% Interest Paid on Savings Accounts

THE PEOPLES NATIONAL BANK

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CAPITAL \$200,000.00

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It Women Only Know

What a Heap of Happiness Would Bring to Fairmont Homes

Hard to do housework aching back. Brings you hours of leisure or at work. If women only knew the—

Backache pains often from weak kidneys. 'Twould save much needless woe. Doan's Kidney Pills are weak kidneys.

Read what a Fairmont citizen says: Mrs. H. W. Satterfield, Diamond St., says: "Some time ago I was troubled with backache and kidney weakness. If I stooped I became so weak I could hardly straighten and the action of my kidneys worried me. Most of the time I felt tired and depressed. My family had used Doan's Kidney Pills with good results. I decided they might help me. After using a few boxes, I was rid of my trouble. I am glad to say a few words in favor of this good kidney remedy."

606 at all dealers. Fosterburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

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BUSINESS STATIONERY
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How Do You Feel At Four o'Clock? Are Your Shoes Wearing You Out?



Head work and foot work are closely connected. Shoes may make it hard for your head as well as for your feet. A wrinkle in a lining will work havoc with you... fret you into a state where the slightest mental effort seems a herculean task.

A poor fitting shoe will start trouble that will take months to correct. It will lose its shape rapidly and satisfaction will be short-lived.

One of the first things to do if a victim of 4 o'clock fatigue is to GET A NEW WELL-FITTED PAIR OF SHOES.

We have men come to us often saying they never realized how much shoes properly fitted had to do with getting through a heavy day's business comfortably.

Don't let your shoes wear you out. We have a shoe for your type of foot.

Shurtleff & Melton
"Shoes that Satisfy"